

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

# Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

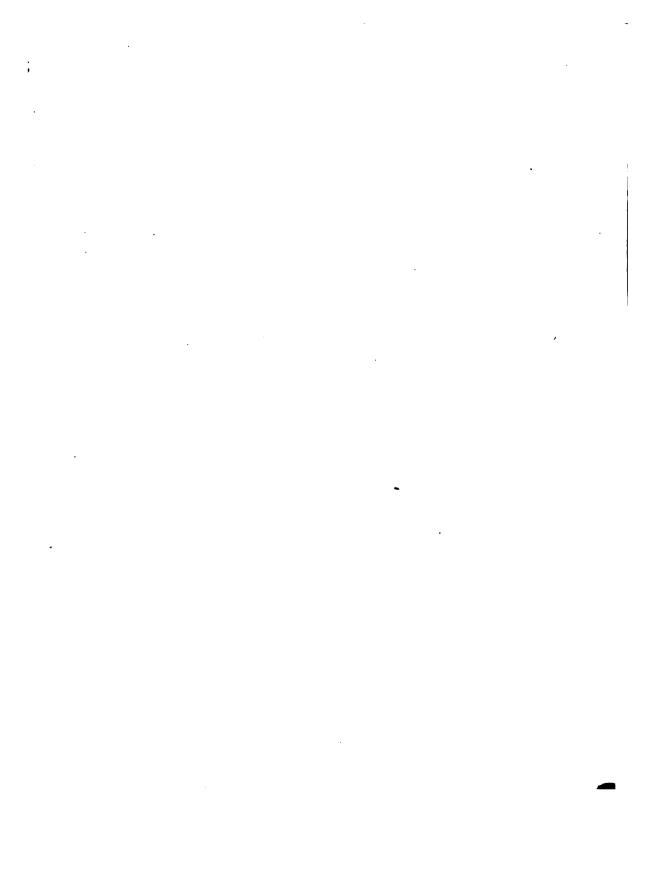
#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



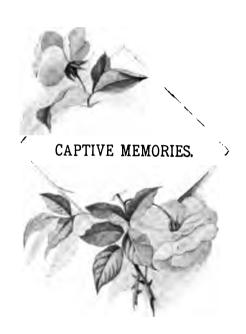
• **A** .

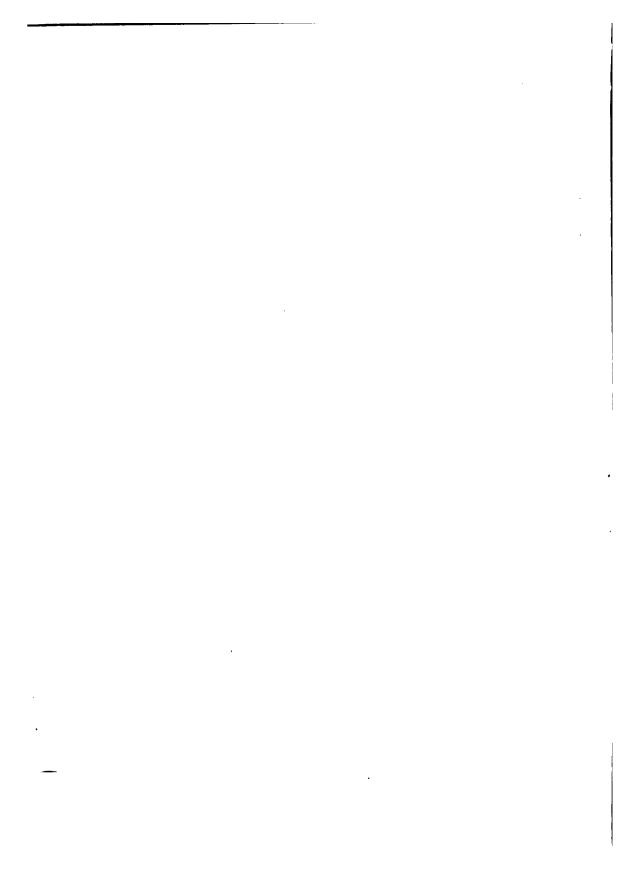
• · . 



.

		•		
		·		
-				













953 W5854 Cap 1897



### INTRODUCTION.

EVERY heart has its anniversary days. It keeps some of them in the company of its friends, but many of them it keeps in its secret chamber alone,—save perhaps for the companionship of tears. But tears are the handmaidens of Joy as well as of Sorrow, and are often delightful companions. It is these unacknowledged anniversaries that are here commemorated.

But these anniversary Memories are more than merely commemorative; they lead the heart upward, step by step, through the various phases of human affection, from its delicious awakening, its tender avowai, its chastening farewell, its trusting "I wait," to heights of spiritual experience, from whose summits the spiritual sense looks over into the promised land of God's love, and perceives that Love is the all of life—and God.

These fragrant memories are Nature's lullabies, with which she smoothes her children's restless pillows, and sends them smiling to their final sleep. But they take flight at the noise and bustle of this work-aday world, and are reluctant to return, for all the heart's enticement.

It is the purpose of this little volume to prepare for these heart memories an abiding place, to which it may charm them back, and, perchance, betray them to captivity.

M566006

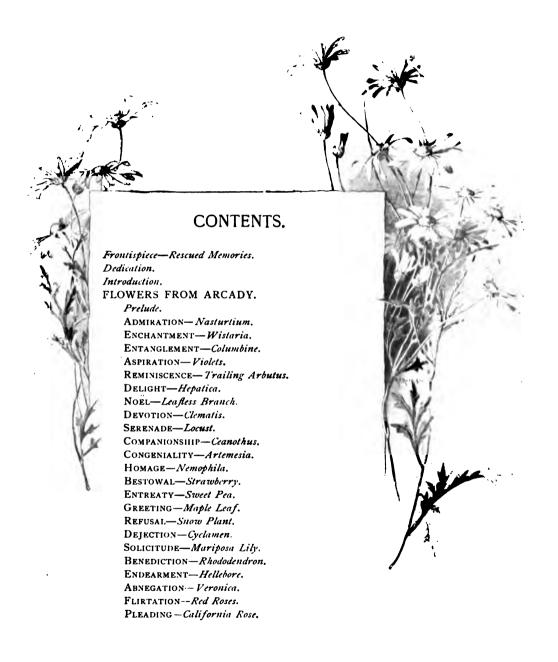


# SALUTATION.

" Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

A NOTHER leaf in life's mysterious Book
To-day is turned. O friend beloved, I leave
With you these humble flowers to mark the page,
If haply they may give a perfume to
The place which shall make fragrant all its leaves.





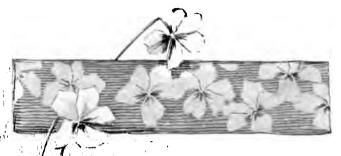












# PRELUDE.

ROUNDED.

TO Arcady hast never been?

Then let me give the mystic key,

The password that shall take thee in

To Arcady.

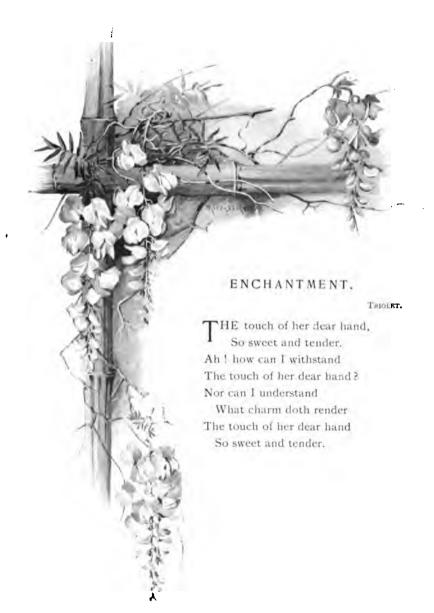
LOVE,—Love that worketh charity; That holdeth all mankind as kin; That beareth human sympathy.

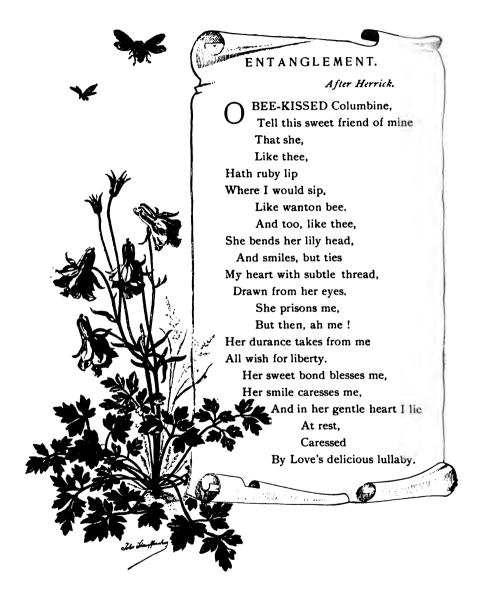
Love is the only door therein;
And Love, the "open sesame,"
Whereby thou may'st an entrance win
To Arcady.











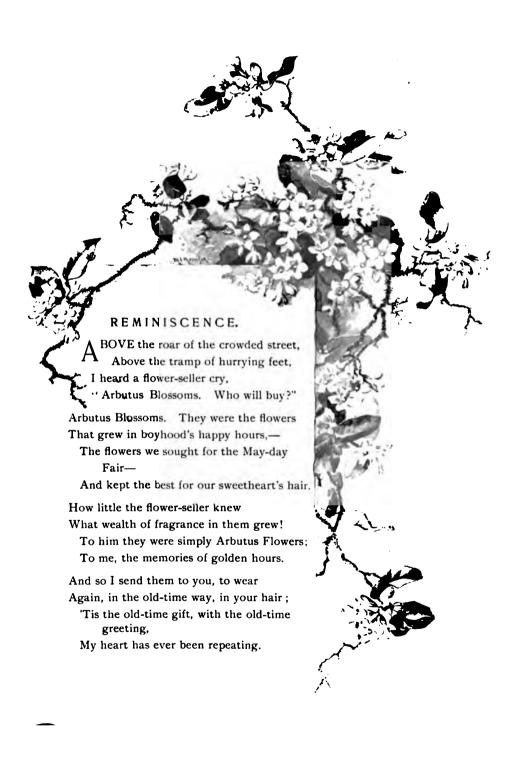




TRIOLET.

WOULD I were a violet
To lie on her breast.
Could I keep inviolate,
If I were a violet,
The secret that triolet
But partly confessed?
Would I were a violet
To lie on her breast,

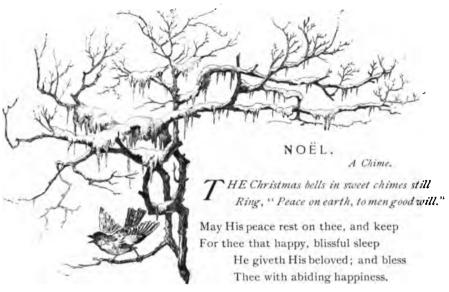






But through the heart's loss and pain, Still sings the bird.





The Christmas bells ring sweet and clear The loving thoughts of all the year.

Dear friend, at "Merrie Christmas" time.

This wish for thee comes with the chime

Of Christmas bells, which bring to me

Such sweet remembrances of thee.

Ring out, ring out, O happy bells,
The circling love Christ's birth foretells!

And wast to her the chimes that well

From every belfry tower, and tell

Her how my heart with love now swells.

To hear again these Christmas bells.

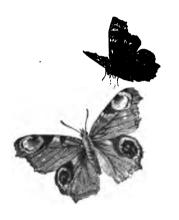
Ring out, sweet bells, the Peace that dwells Above, and love in us compels!

Tell her my thoughts can ne'er abide

Apart from her at Christmas tide;

But, like the Love the season tells,

Enfold her heart, sweet Christmas bells!



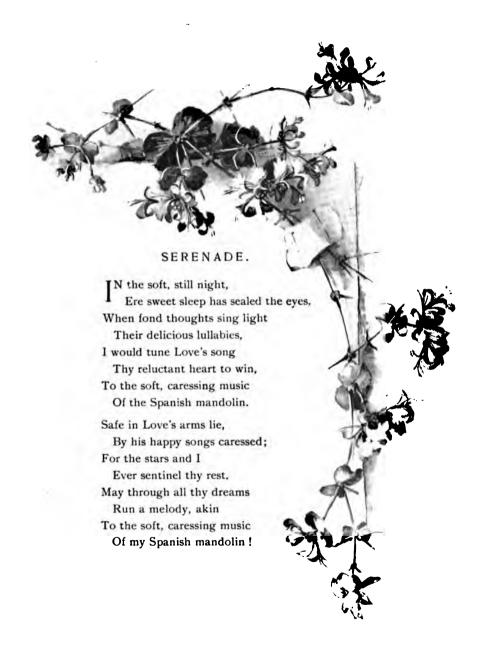
•

.





•





-

•







When every day and moment too, My heart sends loving valentine,

Sweet friend, to you.



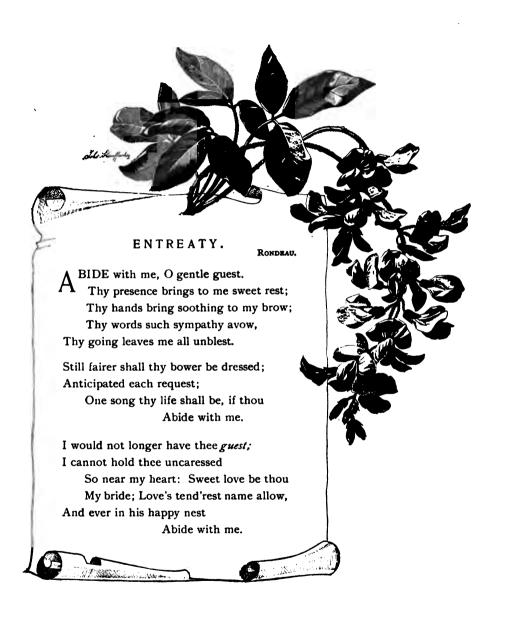
## BESTOWAL.

RONDBAU.

SUCH as I have give I to thee;
No stately epic fit to be
Sung for the world's approving ear;
No lullaby, to charm a tear
From wistful eyes that watch for me.

Simply a thought—but sent to thee
In daily benedicite—
That old-time thought—the best of, dear,
Such as I have.

But couldst thou know how tenderly
This constant thought enfoldeth thee,
The lengthening years would bring no fear,
However far, I would seem near,
And might, perchance, bring thoughts to thee
Such as I have.







And fair!

With sweetest songs, and pinions fleet, Fly to her window far away, And her reluctant ear entreat,

And say ;--

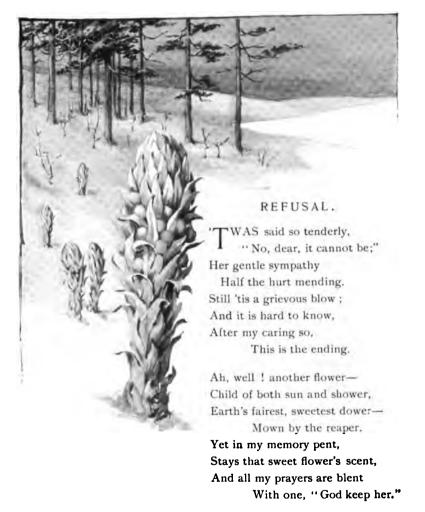
"We bear Love's greetings on our wings-Fond wishes, that this day renew The happy flowers Memory brings To you:

"That their sweet fragrance e'er may bless Your heart; charm all your tears away, And bring you perfect happiness For aye!"



.

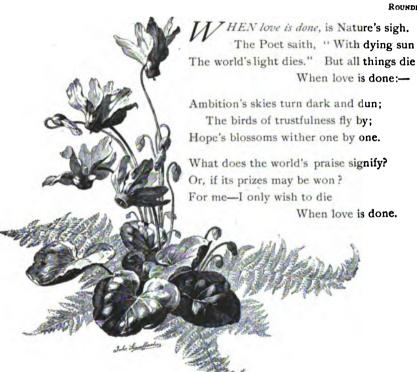
.





## DEJECTION.

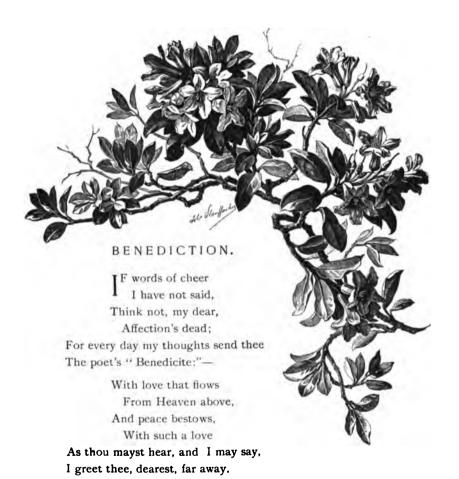
ROUNDEL











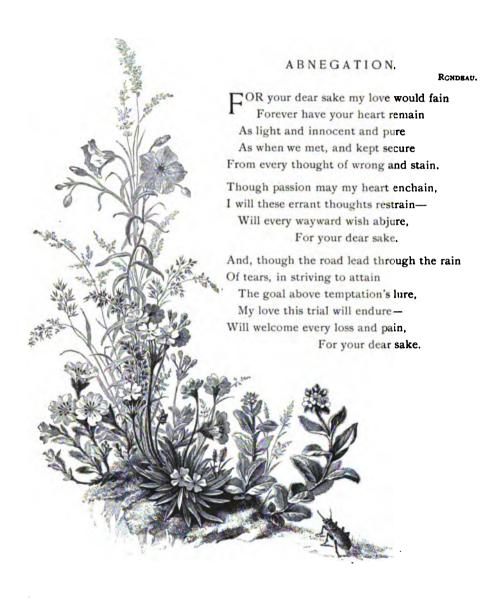




## ENDEARMENT.

ROM your cheek a kiss I have dared to take,
Now give me one for its own sweet sake.
There is naught for which I so much care,
As one little kiss in which you share.
And, given and taken in mutual desire,
It awakens in each that ineffable lyre
That sings—and sings on, in such exquisite strain
That the world is forgot with its sorrow and pain.
It lightens one's toil, it brightens one's eyes,
And opens the gates of Paradise.

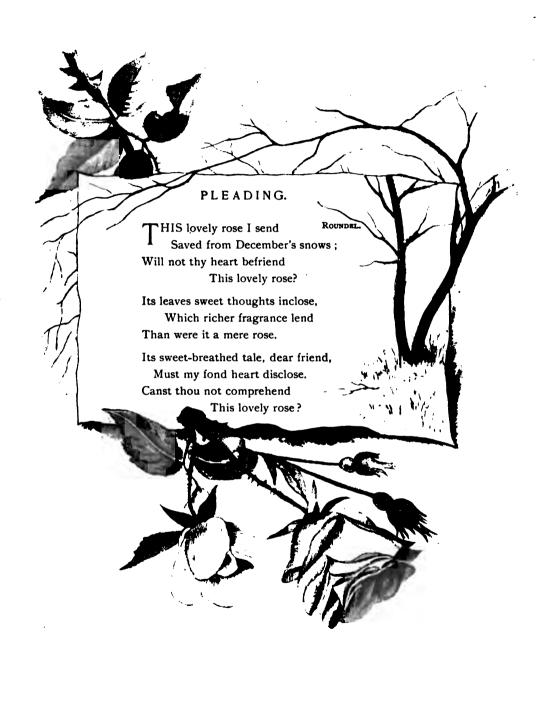




















CONFESSION.

Can I teach thee, my beloved?
Can I teach thee?
Can I bless thee, my beloved?
Can I bless thee?
Alas! I can but love thee.

Mrs. Browning.

THOU hast taught me, my beloved,
Thou hast taught me:
Taught me life's profounder meaning,
Taught me honor, virtue—weaning
Me from all ignoble things;
On imagination's wings
Taught me how to soar, and find
Rarest pleasures in the mind;
Taught me life's dull incompleteness,
Without Love's renewing sweetness;
From the height of thy pure soul
Taught me passion to control;

And hast brought me At thy gentle feet to learn What thy clearer eyes discern.

Thou hast blessed me, my beloved,
Thou hast blessed me:
Blessed me with thy tender eyes,
Which look on me in such a wise
My faint soul grows strong again,
As the flowers after rain,

And they rest me,
While they more and more enchain.
Thou hast blessed me with thy words,
Sweeter than the song of birds,
They have soothed my weary brain,
Banished every care and pain
That distressed me,

And a new strength put within me
To resist delights that win me
From the duty God commands.
Thou hast blessed me with thy hands,
Which have ever shared my toil,
Heeding neither ache nor soil,

And caressed me,
Making all my burdens lighter,
And the sky of hope still brighter.
Dear hands—only made for smoothing
Restless pillows, and for soothing
Tired hearts—would they were mine
To have and hold by right divine!

Dost thou love me, my beloved?

Dost thou love me?

Thou whom I have from afar Watched and worshipped, like a star

That above me
Shines, and yet may never know
The blessing that its beams bestow?
Thou hast taught me, thou hast blessed me
And with happiest thoughts possessed me,

But to love me
Is the crowning of all blessing;
Making me by thy confessing
Rich beyond all power to measure;
Royal, crowned by thy sweet pleasure
Sovereign of a fair domain
I had hardly thought to gain.
Blessing honor, rest thou art,
And with undivided heart.

Dear, I love thee.

And I would that my caressing
Could bring thee as rich a blessing,
And forevermore compel
Love's peace in thy
heart to dwell.



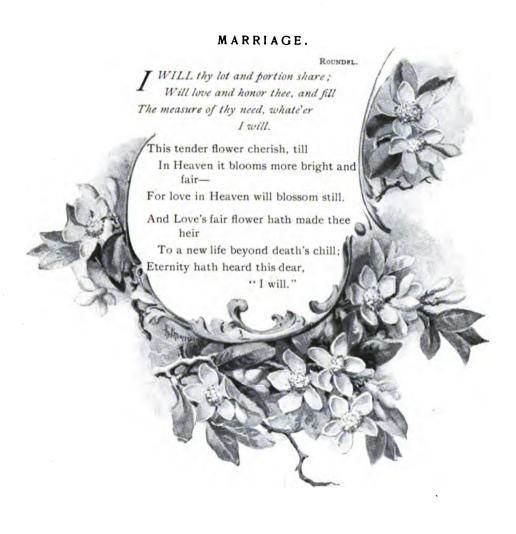






•

.

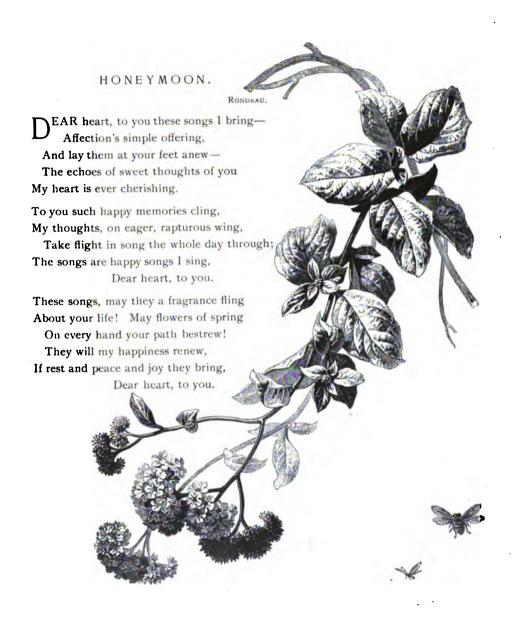








.





•





The sun can never set to-day, Behind the hills of Yesterday.

Fear not, dear friend;
Close to my heart
Until the end
Thou ever art:



Too close to leave thee room to borrow Such sad forebodings of the morrow.

While no farewell
Spoken to-day
Can e'er dispel
Our yesterday,
On bended knees with you I pray,
"Come back, come back, sweet Yesterday."



. • .





THESE flowers of June
The gates of memory unbar;
These flowers of June
Such old-time harmonies retune,
I fain would keep the gates ajar,—
So full of sweet enchantment are
These flowers of June.











A Thirteenth Birthday,

HILE in your teens you must reflect What part you'll play before Life's scenes: And childhood's faults you must correct, While in your teens.

Great things of you we all expect, In following where your talent leans: But this you only can direct.

And you must try and not neglect Whate'er is given of helps and means: Mostly are you Life's architect,

While in your teens,

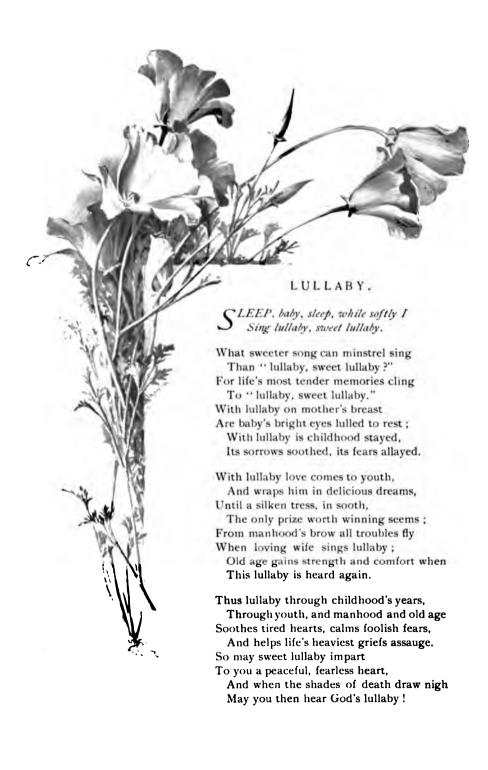






### TWILIGHT.

S children, when the day is done And twilight deepens, one by one Around the evening fireside run With happy faces; Brightening the home with restful cheer, And drawing every heart more near In perfected affection's dear And fond embraces: So may sweet memories come to you; And whisp'ring the old love anew May thoughts of those long lost to view Around you cluster; May their fond greetings so delight That you forget the gathering night, While earthly vistas grow more bright With heavenly lustre. Without a thought of vain regret, Then may these latter days be set In Joy's completed coronet, Heaven's richest dower; May they with blessings be replete; And be, in Love's reunion sweet, The season when loved memories meet-Life's twilight hour.

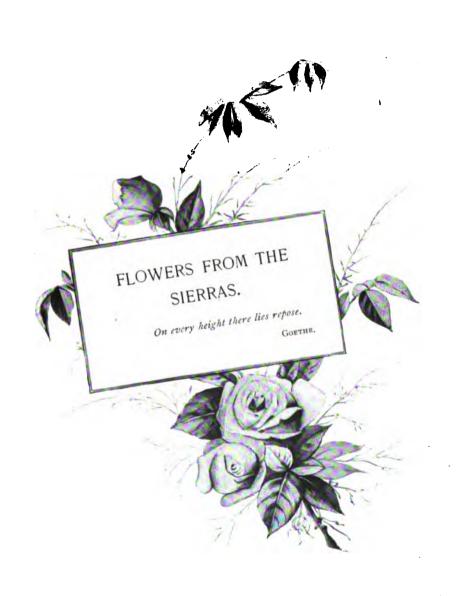




## TRUST.

RONDRAU. hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain, And somewhere, far above the plane Of earthly thought, beyond the sea That bounds this life, they will meet thee, And hold thee face to face again. And when is done Life's restless reign, If I hereafter but regain Heart's love, why should I troubled be, If hearts are dust. By Love's indissoluble chain, I know the grave does not detain Heart's love. The very faith in me Is pledge of an eternity, Where I shall find heart's love again, If hearts are dust.







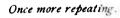
## PRELUDE.

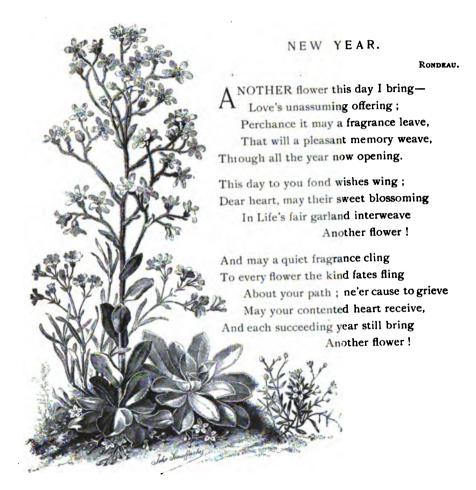
EAR friend, though seen by other eyes, Your heart must read through all disguise,

What tender meaning underlies This Festal Greeting.

For you these humble flowers grow; To you their sweet-breathed greetings go-

The message you already know







# ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MY Valentine is old and worn,
Its freshness lost, its fragrance shorn;
But still it holds some little part
Of the warm love within my heart.

What matters if its perfumed dress
Has lost its pristine daintiness;
The words, though old, are ever new
That bear the message, "I love you."







#### MAY DAY.

A S over the ledger's wearisome page
On this bright May morn I pore,
A faint but delicious fragrance seems
To steal in at the open door.

This phantom fragrance dimly recalls

Some pleasure that erstwhile I've known;
I remember all its bewitching charm,

But the time and the scene are flown.

Perhaps 'tis a breeze from Arbutus flowers, That is wafted from far-away hills; Or, is it some dear remembrance of home The alembic of absence distills?

Or, is it the glove that once lay on my arm, So happy, confiding and dear? It perfumed my heart with its exquisite scent, And I kissed it, it was so near.

Or, is it the rose on her bosom worn?

Ah me! that fragrance divine

Came more from her womanly grace than the rose,

As I pressed her sweet lips to mine.

This fugitive breath that comes from the Past Eludes all attempts to recall; Unless—perhaps—there it comes again; Ah! now I remember it all.

It is neither from hills, nor glove, nor rose;
'Tis a Maytime we both once knew—
A memory, dear heart, of the exquisite charm
Of Love's sweet Springtime—and you.





The old-time lustre to your ring?
That will these twenty years commend,
What can I bring?

Dear wife, I have no offering, Except these simple verses, penned, Perchance, for your mind's pleasuring;

And my true, faithful love, to tend
Your need, as genie of your ring;
And more than this, my sweet life-friend,
What can I bring?



## SILVER WEDDING.

ROUNDEL.

TS silver lining proves there must,
Behind the cloud, be sunlight shining;
So love still shines, though cares incrust
Its silver lining.

Have thou no fear of love's declining!

This quarter century of trust

Our homely ways has been enshrining;

And all the while, from dross and rust,
A purer love has been refining,
Till we can never more distrust
Its silver lining.



## THANKSGIVING.

RONDBAU.

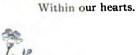
WITHIN our hearts what happy mem'ries well
To-day, and a new thankfulness compel!
The bygone years return with only their
Remembered tenderness, and, unaware
Of age and change, the old-time love retell.
But while we feast, we cannot quite dispel
Regret for lost ones whom we love so well.

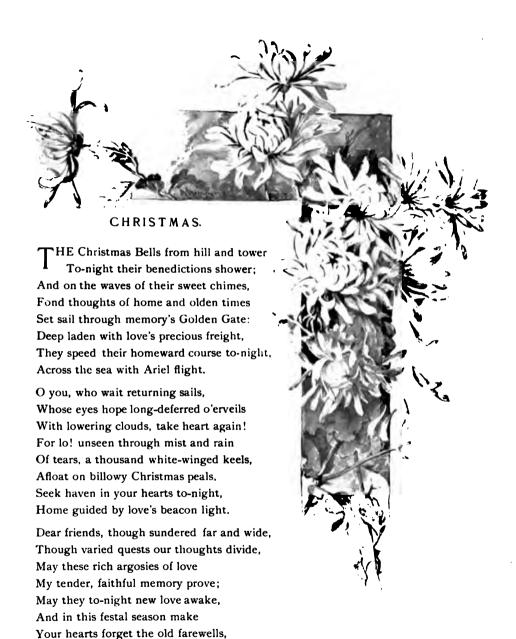
Regret for lost ones whom we love so well.

Yet why thus grieve? There is no vacant chair

Within our hearts.

Ah! friends, does not this constant love foretell
Of future greeting for each last farewell?
Even to-day we tread the Heavenly stair,
And now their Immortality we share,
If our belovéd ones thus ever dwell





In greetings brought by Christmas Bells.



## EVENTIDE.

RONDEAU.

"AT eventide there shall be light."
Why should I ever fear the night?
God's love and constant care attest,
He will not suffer me, His guest,
To thread the dark without a light.

The light of life is Love; and quite Content am I, if but Love might

Be near, when I lie down to rest,

At eventide.

And Love, if we but read aright,
Is God, who is the Light of Light.
What fear have I from Love's behest,
When Love through life hath made me blest?
That Love, I trust will be my light,
At eventide.



•



·			
	·		





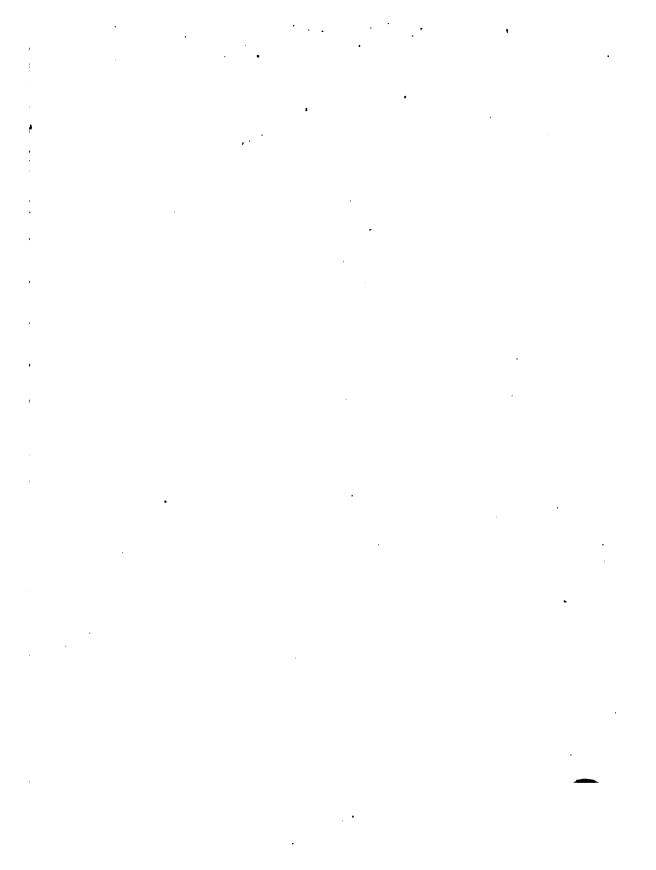








•		
	·	
, ,		
•		
•		
-		



. . .

. . ) -

## 14 DAY USE RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

## LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last dare stamped below, or on the date to which renewed. Renewals only:

Tel. No. 642-3405

Renewals may be made 4 days prior to date due, Renewed books are subject to immediate applied. REC'D LD FEB 野、味噌3 76

LD21A-40m-8,'71 (P6572s10)476-A-32

General Library University of California Berkeley

GH117802071I